

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

slit-like gates, exquisitely tiled,
looking as
though they must lead into some city
of enchanted wonder, with the
mysterious sign of
the interlaced triangles above.

And the solitary visitor who
penetrates that
enchanted fortress finds among the
jungly
lanes the most perfect mosque in all
the seven
Delhis, the gem left by the Tiger
King, Shere
Shah.

Oh, glorious land oi India !
Everywhere,
both in hills and plains, colour and
mystery
and wonder abound, till words are
weak, and
pen and pencil fail. But nowhere
have I seen
aught to fire the imagination quicker
than
Indrapat's walls in the twilight,
when the
gates open narrowly to admit
returning wanderers, and the sunset gilds the
scarlet draperies
of the women, and the muezzin
mounts the
minarets of Shere Shah.